

ARCHERIE

REVIV'D;

OR, THE

Bow - Man's EXCELLENCE.

AN HEROICK POEM:

BEING

A Description of the use and noble Vertues of the *Long-Bow*, in our last Age, so famous for the many great and admired Victories won by the *English*, and other Warlike Nations, over most part of the World.

Exhorting all brave Spirits to the banishment of Vice, by the use of so Noble and Healthful an Exercise.

Written by { *Robert Shotterel,*
 and
 Thomas Durfey, } Gent.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *Thomas Roycroft, Ann. Dom. 1676.*



TO THEIR SACRED
MAJESTIES
O F

Great Britain, France,
and Ireland, &c.

May it please your Majesties,



*ERE not Archerie a
Noble and Heroick Exer-
cise, and fit to be under-
stood as well by Monarchs as the
A 3 Com-*

The Epistle

*Commonalty, our growing Ambition
durst not have presumed to molest
Your Majesties by the sight or per-
usal of so mean a Trifle as this
Poem. But since it is an Art so
worthy and excellent, that it has
been esteemed by General, as well
as Particular Understandings, though
we tremble at our own Audacity,
yet sheltring our selves under the
goodness of our Theme, and in-
courag'd by the Innocence and Loy-
alty of our present Design, we
(amidst our Fears) hope the Eyes
of Your unvalued Understandings
will perceive in this Work the
meaning of our Hearts: And then,
(but not till then) we shall be
cherisht with a belief that our Loy-*
al

Dedictory.

al endeavours in this Poem, how-
ever meanly writ, and only happy
in the Epistle bearing Your Maje-
sties Sacred Attributes, will in some
part atone for the Crime of our Pre-
sumption.

We therefore presume to hope
that now (the Storms of Rebel-
lion being blown over, and our
happy Nation flourishing under the
Peaceful Reign of so Great and
Glorious an Augustus) we shall
draw this Ancient and Commodi-
ous Exercise of Archerie out of
the poysonous Lake of Oblivion,
and revive a Science, that will,
if cherisht and aptly followed,
prove an Everlasting Pillar to sup-
port the Kingdom, and be again

The Epistle

as undoubtedly famous as when esteemed an Exercised by our Forefathers.

For the furthering of which, we (in all humble Duty and Loyal Obedience) appeal to Your Sacred Majesties , as to the Fountain from whence flows the Springs of Immaculate Vertue and Power, which makes the happy Land blest in her own Abundance. Be You the Sun , Dread Sovereign , by whose All-delighting and Powerful Influence the baleful Storms of Vice may be disperst, Britain's Ancient Glory once more flourish , and we be honoured in the happy Success of our Indeavours on this Subject : The perseverance of whose
Worth

Dedicatory.

*Worth is (next our unfeigned
Wishes and Prayers for Your Ma-
jesties long Lives and happy Pro-
sperities) the greatest Hopes and
Desires of*

Your Majesties Loyal,

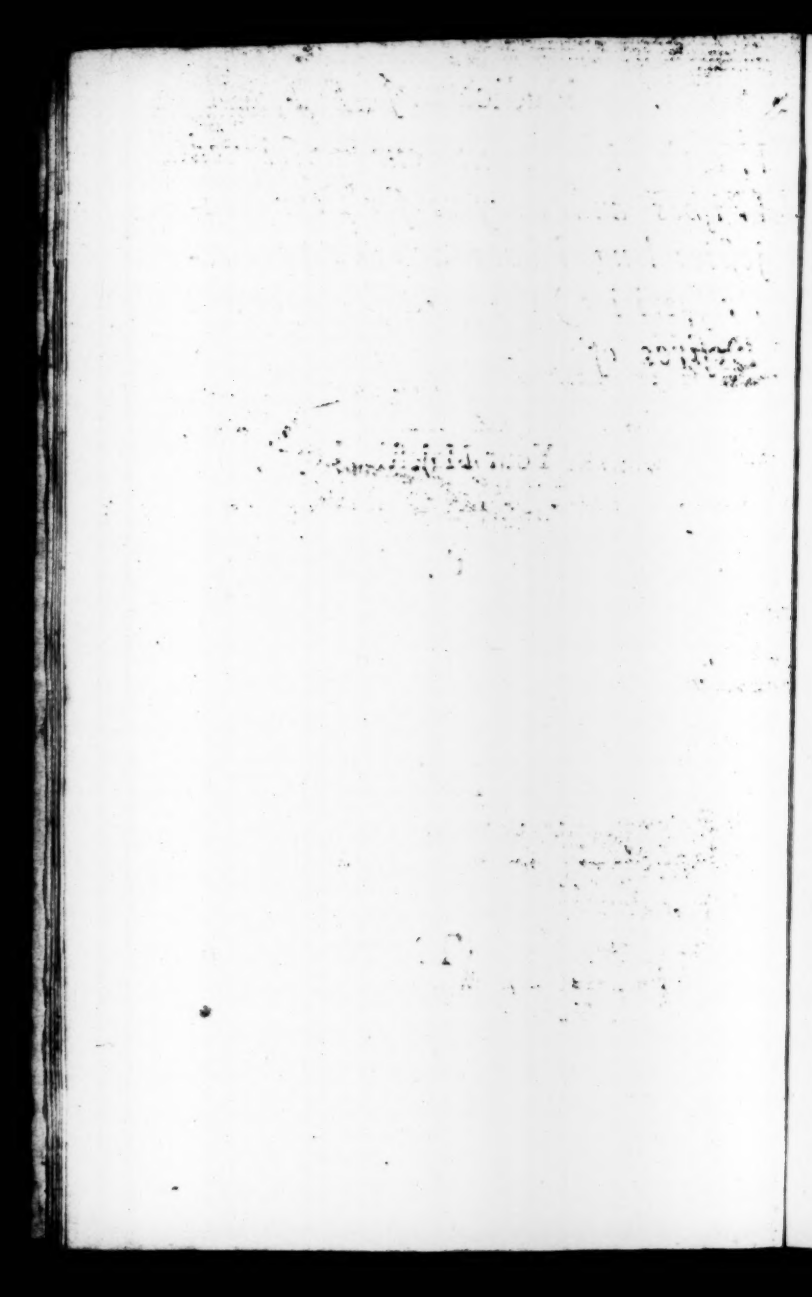
though unworthy,

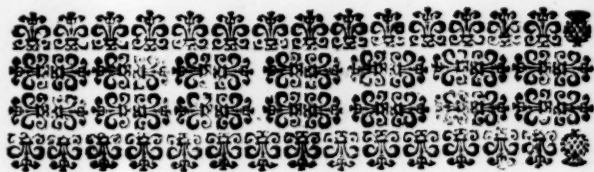
Servants,

Robert Shotterel,

and

Thomas Durfey.





TO THE
READER.

Judicious Reader,

WE presume to present thee
here with a Poem declaring
the use and Noble Vertues
of Archerie, which (al-
though our Modern Authors have or'e-
look't the Theme, and forgotten to create
Applauses equal to the Goodness and Ex-
cellency of the Subject) is undoubtedly
worthy

To the Reader.

worthy of a Noble Pen , and rather fit to be publish't and extoll'd by every one, than any way obscur'd by Oblivion. Besides, the multiplicity of Poems of natures farr different from this (and indeed farr different from any thing tending to the Nation's profit) still crouding into view, larded with bombast Notions , and stuff't with reiterated Hyperboles, or some more pitiful Passion , unfit to visit the World's light, much less the the Eyes of a Judicious Reader, hath emboldened us to present this Piece ; which , however rudely compacted or dully rendred, is beautified with a Subject, that, maugre the barrenness of the Phrase, or the Envy indiscretion or ill nature of a sort of Critical Detractors, that only find fault with things for want of better Employment , will find favour with honour'd Patriots, whose care for their Country is equal to that of their
OWN

To the Reader.

own safety, and whose Loyal Hearts, confiding in Vertue, cherish the Endeavours of those that imploy themselves on a Work that is not only laudable, but every way beneficial and profitable to our *English* Nation.

Archerie (we mean) whose useful Art and Noble Science was approv'd and cherish't by our Fore-fathers as their *Summum Bonum*, and whose Excellence is so renown'd, that 'tis supposed, any one that arrives to the understanding of his Grammar has either read or heard of it: And those that have read of it, and do endeavour to practise it, will (we doubt not) honour our Endeavours with a favourable thought, it being an Art that we wish we had power or ability to improve, as well as to applaud: An Exercise in time of Peace fit to grace a Noble Spirit, and in Warr to oppose the worst of Dangers. The proof of whose Fame, and the Noble

To the Reader.

ble and Great Exploits atchieved by the power of the Bow, are so common and so often declared in all our Ancient Chronicles, and other Histories, over most parts of the World, as well as in our Native Isle, that from us here it will prove rather a prolix Rehearsal, then an acute Description of what has been so universally famous.

Yet as Rust by degrees penetrates our hardest Mettals, and Oblivion of a Noble Art proves not only obstructive to a particular Person, but to the Nation in general; we have endeavour'd to refresh the Memory of this forgetful Age, and emboldned by the Loyalty and Zeal we bear to our Sovereign and Country, have presumed to declare, That the want of this Noble Science hath weakned our Forces, and what would prove Invincible, if joyn'd and commixt with our present Militia,

To the Reader.

litia, proveth now not only void of that Success, but incapable of that Fame and Glory it might atchieve, if assisted by this brave and magnanimous Exercise of Archerie.

Some perhaps that understand it not will be apt to term it a dull and laborious Pastime, and more fit for the capacity and natural strength of a Peasant, than to be a Recreation for a Gentleman. But did they understand the true worth of this Noble Exercise, whose use and vertue has in pristine Ages been sought and cherish'd by Princes, and acknowledg'd by the Learned and Judicious to be not only a Sport fit for the brawny Commonalty, but the generous Nobility, the Excellency of whose Nature is such, that it banishes growing Distempers from the Bodies of such whose destructive Idleness nourish their Diseases, and increases Health, begets Strength, and infuses

To the Reader.

ses Courage into the Breasts of all worthy Practitioners of this Science: Then undoubtedly those that through Ignorance depraved it, will with shame confess their causeless Detraction, and convert their critical Intentions into real Applauses. Nor is it our design to molest or displease any one, but to content and please every one, our chief intent being to publish the Vertues of this Noble Science in this Nation, and to incite our generous Country-men to further and approve of what will be not only fit, noble, and successful, to be used in War, but pleasant and commodious in times of Peace, whose power we doubt not but, if rais'd and exercis'd successfully, will be a main Prop to support the Basis of this Kingdom, and a secure Guard against approaching Dangers.

Let those whose Incredulity, as an Enemy to our present Endeavours, are so farr from

from believing the Vertues of this Art, that they maliciously condemn it, spend an Afternoon in perusing the Chronicles of our Nations atchievements by this Weapon, and the History of the Warrs of the *Romans, Persians, Scythians, Parthians, Grecians*, and many other Warlike Nations, whose greatest Strength lay in their Bows and Shafts, whose noble and dangerous Enterprises and Victories have been often declar'd and publisht by several worthy and Judicious Authors, not difficult to be found of any Inquisitor, and then their Judgments (refin'd by so many infallible Proofs of the ancient Excellency of this Art) will, we doubt not, acknowledge the malignity of their Inclinations, and the unparallel'd worth and vertue of our present Theme. As for others, whose ignorance of its worth, and whose illiterate Capacities are so irreparably dull, that the Proof by History is farr above the reach of
a their

their groveling Understanding , we shall unconcern'd sustain their harmless Censures, and rather pity their Imperfections , than blame their Licentious Tongues for want of Judgment.

Therefore, as our present Design is Loyal and Vertuous,'tis our hope the Success will be favourable and prosperous: And we doubt not, but there are some worthy Spirits in this Kingdom, whose love to this Heroick Exercise, and whose Loyalty and Faith to their King and Country will by their Actions express their Care and Fidelity, and by their Endeavours be a means to plant this wholesome, noble, and warlike Science in this Realm: The furthering and approving of which will be the greatest content that can arrive to us, whose Hopes, as well as Wishes, are continued to see the Art of Shooting prosper, and whose Abilities, were they equal to our
Endea-

Endeavours, should be the first to lay a Foundation, whereon the noble Structure of this Excellent Science should be built; but since Fortune hath dealt unkindly with us in depriving us of that Power, we hope it will be worthy of the General Care, whose sufficiency is farr more capable of the performance, than any Particular Ability: The pursuance of which, and the happy Success of our present Endeavours, will not only bring us a particular content and happiness, but be a benefit fit to be chronicled by our Natives, and admired by succeeding Ages.

Vale.

To his Ingenious Friends, Mr.
Robert Shotterel, and Mr. *Thomas*
Durfey, on their Book of
Archerie.

Although this Vertue of the Ancients long
Lost in Oblivion's Grave, has suffer'd wrong;
Although the Fame of Archerie in Warrs
With the cold Dust of our Progenitors
Hath lain an Age forgotten, in which time
No Treatise past, nor no facetious Rhime
Was publish't to applaud it's worth; yet now
Methinks I see our happy Genius show
From Heav'n a splendid Face, whose Smiles presage
Unmatch't perfections from this latter Age:
Whose Gratitude must yield Applauses due,
Since it this Spring of Vertue has from you.

Your

*Your Poem, Friends, hath added to their store,
And they admire what they despis'd before.
From your Instructions they have learn't to know
The worth, as well as profits of the Bow ;
And now not only like, but love each Line,
Decking with Plaudits your unmatched Design.
Apollo, whilst with Wit he you endows,
Will with his much lov'd Laurel crown your Brows,
And Fame's loud Trump resound in distant Skies
Your happy Work, your Names and Loyalties.
I to preserve my Friendship then intire,
Whilst others pine with Envy, will admire
At what I read, and in your Treatise find
A perfect Copy of the Authors mind.
Persevere then, and let your Phansies climb
To what's more great, more splendid and sublime :
Let your exalted Genius still aspire,
And give us fresh occasion to admire ;
Whilst I the Criticks do presume to tell,
Some perhaps better write, but few so well.*

W. Hawtrey.

In



In Laudem Authoris & Operis.

Apello.

ARma & arundineam *Phæbei* Numinis artem
Dum numeris decoras, nobilitásque, tuis,
Ipse * Deus miratur opus, grátusque Poetæ
Sacrá fronde premit tempora chara sui ;
Téque lyrâ celebrans clamat, punctum omne tulisti,
Et te jam superi terrigenæque canent :
Dumque alios tantâ Arte doces attingere metam,
Haud mirum est Calamo te tetigisse scopum.

R. Wright.

To



To his good Friend Mr. *Thomas*
Durfey on his Poem of *Ar-*
cherie.

THe more I lookt upon thy *Muses* pains,
The more I did admire;
The more I saw and read thy polish'd strains,
The more I did desire:
Nay, to that height my *Phansie* did aspire,
That when I had read o're thy blooming Wit,
Methought I could not read too oft what thou so well
2. (hadst writ.
With care I ponder'd on thy brave design,
And after did adore it:
Nor did I taste the Fruits of such a Vine
In all my life before it.
This Boon from Heaven I therefore will implore,
That men, before they *Archerie* despise,
May look upon that Noble Art with my impartial Eyes.

The

3.
*The Sacred Monarch and blest Martyr Charles
Did Archerie approve,
And then not only the Poor, but Lords and Earls
That manly Sport did love.
Was Vertue only then rain'd from above?
Our Nation's still the same, as fertile and as good,
Why should insulting Vice then brood or e English blood?*

4.
*But to dispute of this would take up time,
Which I now ill can spare:
Let it suffice your Sense as well as Rhime
Does the Authors worth declare,
Whose Judgment is so splendid and so fair,
That shouldst thou give me half thy Wreath of Bayes,
I only could deserve the Gift by penning of thy Praise.*

T. L.

A R.



ARCHERIE REVIV'D,

OR THE

Bow - Man's EXCELLENCE.

IN Antient times, when learned *Homer* writ
Of *Grecian* Conquests, Valour, Weapons, Wit,
The Age refin'd from Vice an Embleme show'd
Of all those Virtues Heaven at first bestow'd.

B

And

And though gross ignorance did much deface
 The Souls of Men, whose want of Heavenly Grace
 Knew not that bliss, which Happy We embrace;
 Yet so much Moral Honesty did Crown
 Their faultless Deeds, that it was plainly shown,
 (Although Divinity was then disguis'd)
 They might be stil'd both Pious, Just, and Wise:
 Then was the Subject of this Story thought
 Brave and successful, and was us'd and sought
 By Spirits Noble, Glorious and Supream,
 That lov'd and cherish'd my ensuing Theam.

No Tragick History my Fancy moves
 To use my Pen ; nor no disastrous Loves,
 Care-reaping Policies, or dire Mischance,
 My Early budding Genius does advance
 So soon to write : Nor has my Muse thought good
 Some Conquest to relate purchas'd with blood,
 Where mingling gore swel'd high th'adjoyning flood,
 describe their Troops and Orders, or to tell
 On heaps of breathless Foes how Princes fell.
 To that vast height my Genius dares not climbe,
 Nor change plain Verse for Loud Heroick Rhime.

The Bow-Man's Excellence.

Yet as th'aspiring Cedar, now grown high,
Was once a small and tender shrub, So I
Beginning Low, may rise the more secure :
Well stands the Fabrick whose Foundation's sure.

The warlike Bow my Muse designs to praise,
Whose Feather'd Shaft, so fam'd in antient days
(Before Hell's Sulphur made the trembling fruit
Of Peasants valiant) durst Fame's cause dispute,
And own him most renown'd who best could Shoot.

We then were ign'rant of that murdring Smoak ;
Bright Honour flourish'd on a Manly Stroak ;
And daring Valour with a threatening brow
Durst face the worst of dangers Fate could show,
Well arm'd with Barbed Shafts and *Parthian* Bow.
Fam'd *Grecian* Writers gloried oft to tell

By what brave Weapons their Fierce Heroes fell ;
And in their lofty praises would enhance
Stern *Ajax* Faulchion, and *Achilles* Lance ;
Enlarging Trophies with ingenious speed,
Equal to th' merit of the haughty deed.

And Shall I th'Archer's praise fail to rehearse,
Because I want their unmatched skill in Verse ?

Archerie Reviv'd, 02

They but endeavour'd well, and so do I,
And to write well my utmost power I'll try,
Although my Genius cannot soar so high.

How Bows were first invented few have shown,
Nor need we care, since their tri'd worth is known:

* Clau-
dianus,

The Wise and Fam'd * *Egyptian* Poet sung,
Through Nature the first use of Shooting sprung;
Men imitating Porpentine's that grow
Arm'd with Sharp Pricks to shoot th'approaching foe:
Others ascribe th'invention first to be

† Apol.

Made perfect by the † *Delian* Deity;
Whose Arm with heav'nly influence indued
Life-conqu'ring Shafts in *Python's* blood embrewed:
Whence that still lov'd and charming Soul of *Rome*,
Silver-tongu'd *Ovid*, took this Fancy from.

Ovid.
Metam.

*The God with num'rous Shafts the Monster slew,
And through black wounds the Clotted poyson drew.*

Nich. de
Lyra.

And in our first Age *Lyra* doth explain,
'Twas with a Shaft that *Lamech* murder'd *Cain*,
This antient and continued use doth raise
Unto the Shooting Art no little praise;
It's Vertue being most extol'd by those
That knew the worth and goodness of their Bowes:

Whose

VVhose worth in war attended with success,
And glorious palms, hereafter I'll express ;
Declaring to the girded *Parthian's* Fame,
No Land unconquer'd lay, where Archers came.

Cyaxares the *Median* Emperour,
Triumphant *Cyrus* fam'd Progenitor,
A sort of hardy *Scythians* kept to show
And teach his Son the Vertues of the Bowe ;
Thinking (so well he did good Shooting prize)
He could not learn a Nobler Exercise,
That might (if Fate e're cast him from the Throne)
By valour rais'd obtain a second Crown.

* *Nero*, 'tis said, on th'Harp so cunning was,
He all *Rome's* fam'd Musicians did surpass,
And gave this Reason, *That, if Destiny*
By War enforc'd him from his Realms to fly,
He had that Art to get his Living by.

If then such Trifles can such praise obtain,
What glorious Characters may Shooting gain ?
Whose use the death-defying *Romans* priz'd
As most succesful in their Victories ;
And thought their Eagle no ill Fate could know,
Guarded by him that drew the strongest Bowe.

Herod.
in Clio.

* Corn.
Tacitus.

* Tranq.
Suet.

* *Domitian* Shooting lov'd to that extent,
 And in the practice was so excellent,
 That 'tis recorded he from far could stand,
 And Shooting through the Fingers miss the Hand;
 Which Virtue by the *Romans* so desir'd
 (Maugre his shameful Vices) was admir'd.
 And *Commodus*, his Brother in all ill,
 Had in the Shooting Art such matchless Skill,
 No obvious mark to him too far did show,
 That lay within the Level of his Bow.
 Nor was this Vertue only practic'd by
 Men famous for their vicious Tyranny:
 In Ages past 'twas call'd bright honour's Beam,
 The Prince's Pastime, and the Schollar's Theam:
 And those, that most lov'd vertue, most desir'd
 To learn that Vertue which the Age admir'd.
 'Twas then the Souldier's guard, the Coward's shame,
 The Monarch's Trumpet to divulge his fame,
 And swift-wing'd Herald of a glorious name.
 Such as had skill its worth did soon discern,
 And such as could not Shoot made haste to learn.
 None were esteem'd but who that Art did own,
 And he that Shot best still had most Renown,

Kings for their strongest guards did Archers claim,
As most conducing to their growing Fame.

* *Leo Rome's* fam'd and valiant Emperour
Did (in his Book entitl'd *Sleights of War*)
Prescribe a Law ; that Souldiers should resort
In time of Peace, and daily use this Sport ;
By which good use, his well arm'd Troops did share
Choice Skill to do, as well as hearts to dare ;
Omitting which decree, to th' Romans shame,
Proves now chief cause of their declining fame.

Leo de
Sera.
207

But more of this, when I the profits show
Arising from the vertues of the Bow,
Shall be declared : this only here is plac'd
To show by whom brave Archerie was grac'd ;
VWhose worth not only by the vulgar sort
VWas made the glorious Mistress of Report,
But whose loud fame great Monarchs did create,
Calling this VVeapon, *Guardian of the State* :
So prizing it that in their strictest Laws,
The Archer's Plea was voted with applause.
This in our Native Clime has been allow'd,
VWhen stubborn factions to the Mandate bow'd ;

* Hen.
VII, Stat

Witness that Statute that declares it plain,
 The Third of the Illustrious * *Henry's* Raign :
 Where 'twas enacted every Subject shou'd
 Keep ready Bow and Shafts for th' publick Good.
 More proofs and large examples I could show
 Of Archers worth ; but now 'tis fit you know
 Its vertue, and why th' Antients lov'd this more
 Than that, which more stupendious Titles bore.
 And though from th' Rules of History I move,
 Whose use is to declare a thing, not prove
 The Cause, or why 'tis so admired ; Yet I
 The place of some fam'd Nuntius will supply,
 And boldly thus divulge it, as a thing
 Fit for the Pastime of the greatest King :
 An Art, whose worth would prove to Honour's Son
 A Fertile Branch to graff his Glories on :
 An Exercise for Youth most fit and good
 To warm the slackned Nerves, and stir the Blood
 of Sloth-infected Bodies, whose disease
 Springs from the Ills of Luxury and Ease ;
 A Pastime Manly, whose health-saving Art
 Adds strength to th' Limbs, and courage to the Heart ;
 Rowzes distemper'd bodies from their Graves,
 And the death-wounded sick men often saves

By

By their endeavours to this active Sport.
 Nor care I though some forward Wits retort
 On my presuming thus; Since 'tis assur'd,
 Consumptive Archers have been oft times cur'd
 By practicing to Shoot; and Maladies
 Remedied by this wholesome Exercise.
 Then, 'tis a Sport so Harmless, that therein
 Lurks not the smallest scruple of a Sin,
 Unless abus'd by Vicious Libertin;
 From whose Debauches Scripture is not free,
 Nor Pious Maximes of Morality.
 But if the Nature of the Sport may move
 The Undertaker's deeds obscene to prove;
 'Tis th' Archers Glory, that no Pastime shares
 So much of God-like Innocence as Theirs.

Methinks I see an *Ordinary*, where
 The Strutting Town-Huffs Revelling appear,
 Fill'd with Contagion, Noise, rank Indian Fume,
 And debauch'd Reliques, that one might presume
 'Twere *Pluto's* Cave, or Hell's With-drawing Room:
 Imagine then a Dozen Fops, or more,
 (Newly broke loose from Surgeon, or from Whore)

At

At *Hazard* ; and consider, at what cost
 Their deep mouth'd Oaths, at every Piece was lost,
 Were ragingly surrendred, 'twould appear
 The Scene of Horrour, and the seat of Fear :
 Here sits a Couple Venting new-coin'd Curses ;
 Just opposite Two shaking Empty Purfes,
 Blaspheming Heaven for their want of skill,
 And daring Hell, because the Dice ran ill.
 Another that calumnious breath defends,
 Telling him, Fate must sometimes make amends,
 But softly cries, these Fulhams were my Friends ;
 And smiling with new Grimace brought from *France*,
 Dammee, to Night I've had excellling Chance ;
 Then mingling noises like Disorder's Court,
 They straight begin afresh the Hellish Sport.

But now exalt your long-fix'd Eyes again,
 And view the virdant surface of yon Plain,
 VVithin whose clear and smooth dimensions lies
 A Plat, where Archers daily Exercise :
 See there a Troop of Youths with bended Bowes
 (Whose unmatch'd worth no braver Weapen knows)
 Contending for a Prize ; and mark what Grace
 Sits in each line of every Shooters Face ;

And

And with what manly force the Shaft is sent,
 Of their choice skill to show a President.
 Th' insnar'd Eye to th' heart soft pleasure draws,
 And guides the Tongue to publish their applause.
 No Hell-born Oaths, nor *Stigian* Curses there,
 Like Poysonous foggs, infect the purer Air;
 Nor are their Betts or Pledges known so great,
 To ruine men by loss of an Estate.
 The noble Sport they prize far more than Wealth,
 And use it as protectour to their Health,
 Not for their Gains. Then weigh the difference,
 One's curst effects, and t'others innocence;
 One's noble Pastime, t'others idle Game;
 One ever getting Honour, t'other Shame:
 And then you loudly will confess the prize
 Belongs to th' Archers noble Exercise,
 As fam'd and wholesome, and most fitting for
 Those Martial Spirits, whose success in War
 Is mighty as their Valours, such as court
 The grand perfection of this Royal Sport,
 That own no worth beyond their Faith, nor know
 No manly Weapon equal to the Bow;
 Yet glory in that knowledg, proud to be
 Known Sons of War, bred up in Honesty.

Vertue

*Plat.in
Phedro.

Vertue, as * *Plato* Learnedly displays,
Is to the World declar'd two several ways ;
Either by deeds of such as Knowledg prize,
Or th' love they bear some Vertuous Exercise.
Vice riots fearless in a glorious dress,
Lull'd with the present Joyes it does possess,
Not minding the Before-gone ills of Fate,
Nor caring what comes after, till too late ;
This Scene, to one that can subdue his will,
Declares which Exercise is good, which ill
Gamesters thirst for, and present blifs pursue,
Though with the draught they swallow poyson too,
Making the place by their disorder'd Game
The House of Riot, and the Throne of Shame :
Whilst Archers by their pleasant painful sport
Make their abiding Vertue's happy Court ;
Where men may learn to do well, not displease
The Powers above by cursing a Disease
Sprung from their Idleness, but to prevent
A Fate which Heaven to Libertins has sent;

Labour the Parent is of Shooting still,
Nor can he own that Art, whose want of will

Renders

Renders him dull, whose Nature (far from good)
Serves but to nourish his corrupted Blood ;
But he whose Active Spirit does despise
Soft ease to follow manly Exercise,
And learn an Art that does not only show
A choice delight, but is defensive too
To guard his Country from th' insulting Foe.

}
}

The first Inventor of fam'd Archerie
(As * *Plato* mentions) was a Deity ;
A God of worth and boundless Excellence,
Patron of Musick, Medicines, Elloquence,
Wit's Paragon, and Vertue's Quintiffence.
But Dicing, though it may † Two Parents claim,
Yet both were so alli'd to Vice and Shame,
That Antient Poets blush'd to have their Crimes
Cloud the unblemish'd Lustre of their Rhimes
By Mentioning those vitious sons of Scorn,
One being a *Grecian*, t'other *Lydian* born ;
Which Nation still so dissolute appears,
That it the slander of all people bears
For wild unthrifty Courses, * *Vanity*,
Debauches, and their scorn of Archery :

* *Plat.*
in *Zim.*

}
}

† *Plat.* in
Phedro.

* *Herod.*
in *Clio.*

VVhose

Whose Vertue their rank Natures did displease,
As being a Foe to their Luxurious Ease.

* Sarda-
napalus:

We read how the too wild * *Assyrian* King,
Whose shameful vices did the Nation bring .
To Ruine, from his tender youth was train'd
To vice, which his immortal Honour stain'd,
Soft ease and idleness, the spurious brood
Of Hell's black Monster , the infectious food
Of those accurst Libidinists, that know
No power beyond what they to Nature owe.
The Blooming Sons of Vertue Action love ,
Action, that from the Soul does Vice remove.
Hell has no snares to catch their Innocence,
Imploy'd in harmless sports ; Sin no pretence
To draw them to extreams, nor blast their Wills
With the consuming quintessence of ills.
And those that think good Exercise a Crime,
Live not like men, but slumber out their time
Making their blood with too much sordid Ease
The poysonous Fountain of incur'd Disease.

How many Noble Spirits in this Land
Of Matchless Shape, and worthy to command

An Host of Heroes, think 'twould better prove
 Their Honours to enjoy a vitious Love,
 Debauch their Country, Kinsmen, and advance
 Their deeds to th' height of all extravagance ;
 Than to be seen ith' Field like Archers truss'd,
 Following a Pastime noble, wholsome, just,
 An Exercise less Impious than Divine,
 VWhere Manly force and Innocence combine?

It might be granted, had our reason been
 Corrupt as th' Antients, -vicious and obscene ;
 Had our unweeded knowledg known no odds
 In Piety, but as Immortal Gods
 Ador'd the Sun and Moon, pursuing Crimes,
 Like untaught Natives in remoter Climes ;
 Bow'd to the Earth thinking it did produce
 From its own power all things for humane use :
 Or were we ign'rant of a Deity
 That gave us Souls, and rules mortality,
 Thinking our prayers to Idols better done
 Than to the Great All-seeing Three in One,
 VWithin whose Heaven a boundless Ocean lies
 Of Joyes for Vertuous Men, and Plagues for Vice ;

VVe

VVe had some reason to prefer Lewd Games,
(Though Harbingers to our Eternal shames)
Before this Noble Pastime ; nay to prove
Our Vitious Sports were licenc'd from above,
And that no good had there preheminance,
Because we knew no greater God then Sense ;
But since Almighty Providence hath given
Our Souls a Reason next the Bless'd in Heaven,
And unto Man Earth's Creature Vassals made,
Why should a Bestial Lust our Souls invade,
Polluting by some damn'd impiety
The Image of the Glorious Trinity ?
Why should our Souls, that amongst Stars should shine,
Swim to perdition through a Sea of VVine,
A Sin that obtains nothing excellent
But Oaths, infernal brawls and excrement ;
Obscures Men's heedless Errors, till too late,
Leaving them little health, and less Estate ?
And to come nearer to our purpose, Why
Should this brave Exercise of Archerie
(Admir'd by th' Antients, wholesome for the Blood,
A Manly Sport, and grounded on all good)
Yield precedency to the Hellish Vice
Of those two Twins of Horrour, Cards and Dice ?

And

And by a practice Diabolical
 Deny our Souls were ever Rational.
 'Tis true, in shooting there is labour us'd;
 But 'tis a toyl, if it be not abus'd,
 So pleasant, that the softest Pleasures are
 Laborious troubles, should we once compare;
 A Sport that brings us Profit, Honour, Wealth,
 Excelling Courage, heart-delighting Health.
 And if, as Ancient * *Epicharmus* writ,
 (An owner of a matchless Knowledge, Wit)
 Heaven sells its Blessings to Mortality,
 As a return for painful Husbandry:
 Heaven unto Archers will choice Vertue sell,
 That shunning Vice eschew the path to Hell.

* Zen:
 de dict.
 & fact.
 Socre

Yet do I not so little Reason know,
 To think the painful Pastime of the Bow
 Fit for all Seasons: Rain or nipping Frost,
 More than delight, procures the Archers Cost.
 Besides, continual use of one Disport
 Dulls the nice Sense, and cuts the pleasure short.
 Fencing or Bowling may, if not abus'd,
 For change be by the bravest Archers us'd:

C

Or

Or if their tired spirits would essay
Some gentler Exercise——To see a Play,
And gaze on Nature in her best array,
Best suits a noble Soul, whose worth's exprest
In wisely weighing a Satyrick Jest.
There are some Plays, on whose well polish'd Scenes
The quintessence of Art and Nature leans;
Where Poesie is fluently exprest,
And learning triumphs in a glorious Vest:
Plays, that the horrid Rules of Vice controuls,
Teaching the moral Vertues of the Soul,
And, as learn'd *Randolph* quotes, at first revives
Our nauseous Crimes, then shows to mend our Lives
By feeling Characters. To such as these
I would our Archers good Opinions raise:
On whose sweet Cates they may their senses feed,
Cordials which Nectar of the Gods exceed.
Love they a Tragick Scene? there may they see
Indulgent Age and splendid Majesty
Stoop to an abject Fate, Empires o'return'd,
And Vertue by a Hell-bred Treason spurn'd
To unseen Atomes: whilst pale trembling Guilt
Broods like a Serpent o're the blood it spilt.

If they in Comick History delight,
 There may they have presented to their sight
 Variety of Characters, whose Names
 Declare their Vices, and in Vices shames:
 There may they by the true Presentments shown
 Of others hateful Vices purge their own;
 And smile at what they think, not what they see,
 The worthless Subject, not the Effigie.
 To all Judicious Souls a Scene well writ,
 Garnish't with reason, sense, ear-charming wit,
 Infuses secret pleasures through the Veins,
 Which the base froth of idle Vice disdains.
 'Tis Reason cloath'd in splendid Phrase that flies
 Into the heart, and robs the faculties
 Of grosser entertainment, shining there
 Like glittering *Phoebe* in our Hemisphere.

Yet suit not Plays all tempers: Some there are
 That have choice strength, but little wit to spare;
 That through their want of Learning damn that part,
 That most ingenious seems to men of Art.
 But here perhaps the curious Reader may
 Retort, and cherish't by Opinion, say,

They little have, but I perhaps have less,
 Which by this barren Poem he may guess.
 And though I grant that Fortune was my Foe,
 And envious, not permitting me to know
 The pretious depth of that Castalian Spring,
 Which on learn'd Themes makes our fam'd Poets sing:
 Yet I can glory, I from Nature own
 A good, which Art has not all Students shown;
 A budding Fancy, to invent and raise
 Some good designs, though writ in barren phrase.
 But to our Theme: Let him, I say, whose Fate
 Has made his better part unfortunate,
 Not tasting that most blest and luscious Fruit
 Of Heaven-infusing Knowledge, Learn to shoot,
 And by that Noble Exercise prevent
 A Life luxurious and incontinent.
 For were a General Rendezvous of Sports
 Muster'd from Cities, Theatres, and Courts,
 The fame of Archerie would soar above,
 And from its Throne all meaner Pastimes move;
 As being most delightful, manly, good
 To cherish Health and purifie the Blood:
 Let Princes therefore shoot for Exercise;
 Souldiers t'inlarge their Magnanimities;

Let

Let Nobles shoot, 'cause 'tis a Pastime fit ;
 Let Scholars shoot to clarify their Wit ;
 Let Citizens shoot to purge corrupted Blood ;
 Let Yeomen shoot, for th' King's and Nation's good:
 Let all the Nation Archers prove, and then
 We without Lanthorns may find vertuous men.
 But lest this praise ungrounded should appear,
 And perish in a proof-expecting Ear ,
 The Archers Conquest next I will rehearse ;
 Aid bright *Thalia*, and inspire my Verse,

The Ancient Jews *, as learned *Joseph* writes,
 In all Domestick Warrs and Forreign Fights,
 Where their brave Chieftain *Macchabens* came
 To plead his Countrie's Cause, and purchase Fame,
 Their chieftest Strength lay in their Archers thought,
 Ne're doubting any Conquest where they fought:
 The flying Gentiles sigh their silent woes,
 Chas'd by their dreadful Death-denouncing Bows ,
 Inur'd to suffer Fates transcendent harms,
 Wanting wise Conduct and Success in Arms.
 The Power of Heaven i'th' Scripture is compar'd
 To shooting, mention'd as a fierce Reward

* J^{ve}
 plus c. 5

* vid.
Psalms.

For their Transgressions, and stil'd there * Bow ;
 With which, 'tis said, his Might shall overthrow
 The Hosts of wicked men, men hating Good,
 And dye his dreadful Shafts i'th' Gentiles Blood.
 This a redoubted Argument is known,
 Why all the Noble use o'th' Bow should own,
 Since Reason quotes that thing of great regard,
 To whom the Power of Heaven is compar'd.
 And one proof more, which from Diviner Phrase,
 Than now I write, my Genius first did raise ;
 When *Saul* was slain (he that had first command
 O're *Israel's* Hosts as King) by the base hand
 Of a perfidious Slave, with his brave Son,
 A man so truly valiant, that he won
 Even his Foes hearts, One that such proofs could show
 Of skill and unmatch't knowledge in the Bow,
 That several worthy Authors do explain
 He ne're was known to shoot a Shaft in vain:
 When he, I say, the peerless *Jonathan*,
 O'repower'd by Foes, Death's rugged race had ran,
 And *Judah's* † best of Monarchs streight was known
 To be chose next Successor to the Crown ;
 The first Edict that issued from his hand,
 Was an entire and absolute Command

† Re-
gum 13.
David:

That

That all the Israelites should learn to shoot :
 From whence proceeded that delightful fruit
 Of Peace and Plenty, Wealth and Blessings joynd
 To grace that Realm where Arts and Arms combin'd.
 And thus we see that shooting was an use
 Renown'd, and much esteem'd by th' valiant Jews.

The great * *Cambyfes* having batter'd down
 The Egyptian Power, and rais'd his glitt'ring Throne
 Upon their humble Necks, sent certain Spies
 To *Ethiopia's* Monarch in disguise,
 To pry into his strength ; But he, too wise
 To be beguil'd, and finding th' flatterers
 Slaves, though in shape they were Embassadors,
 Before them order'd to be brought his Bow,
 Whose hardned Steel, forc't by his Arm to show
 A choice Obedience, pluck't by yielding String,
 The Shaft obeys his power : Which done, the King
 Turns to the Persians, who with wonder look
 Upon the mighty Weapon, and thus spoke ;
 Give to great *Persia's* Monarch this from me,
 And bid him, when his Magnanimitie
 Into his nervous Arm such strength can yield
 To make the Shaft's head kiss the bending Steel,

* He-
 rod. in
 Thalia.

}

Then let his Pride o're my Dominions soar,
 And yoke my Sun-burnt Natives, not before.
 The Bow was after to *Cambyfes* brought,
 And through his numerous Host a man was sought
 To bend it, but yet none such Strength could bring,
 Till *Smerdis*, valiant Brother to the King,
 By his great power two Inches stirr'd the String:
 Which A& *Cambyfes*'s Envy did create,
 Whose impious Rage soon usher'd *Smerdis*'s Fate.

* Seso-
stris.

The proud * *Egyptian* Monarch (he that rode
 Through wealthy *Memphis*, honour'd like a God,
 His Chariot drawn by Kings, whose overthrows
 Sprung from the terrours of his fatal Bows)
 So scourg'd the Eastern World, spreading his Fame,
 And winning Realms where e're his Archers came;
 That by his Foes he was accounted there
 Patron of Nature, Dignity and Warr:
 He Savage barb'rous Nations brought to thrall,
 The *Assyrians*, *Thracians*, wild *Arabians*; all,
 That his well-guarded Archers durst repell,
 And slight his Power, in heaps before him fell.
 So numerous were his Conquests, that he made
 Statues of Brass, whose Effigy's displaid

His

His Person arm'd with mighty Bow and Shaft;
 Which * Weapon made him Conquerour so oft,
 That 'twas his Glory, th' World should understand
 By what great Power he so enrich't his Land.

* Diöd.
 Sic. 2.

Like him brave † *Policrates*, *Samos* Prince,
 O're the *Greek* Ocean bore preheminance,
 And his strong Foes vast power long withstood,
 Dying his Feather'd Shafts in *Persian* blood;
 Whose fatal numbers by their overthrows,
 Declar'd the mighty power o'th' Archers Bows.
 Conquest and Honour flourish't in that Age,
 Treasons slight Plots not daring to engage
 A glorious Nation echoing Warrs Alarms,
 Where Valour gloried in triumphant Arms:
 A Sword and Spear were but additions then,
 And only serv'd to grace the Valiant men,
 Or to be us'd at th' Barriers: 'Tis the Bow,
 To whose unimitable worth they owe
 Their numerous Conquests, fought and bravely won,
 When Shafts, like Storms, obscur'd the splendid Sun.
 The treacherous Cannon with its murd'ring breath
 Was then unknown, and shooting usher'd Death

† Herod.
 in Tha-
 lia.

His

With

*Herod.
in Clio.

With a more noble speed, where he that kills,
 Stands bravely facing him whose blood he spills,
 Acting it boldly. This great *Cyrus* knew,
 Whose flying Troops the * *Massagetans* flew
 With Bows and barbed Shafts, whose piercing Heads
 Death, crown'd with Horrour o're his Army spreads.

†Herod.
in Mel-
pom.

The valiant *Scythians* did such knowledge share
 In Archerie and wise conduct in Warr,
 That divers Monarchs hoping to attack
 Their too well guarded Realms, were beaten back :
 Amongst the rest, when great *Darius* there
 With a vast Power had watch't above a year
 Some intervenes of Chance, that would express
 Some joyful Omens of a good success ;
 At last, being wearied with so long a stay,
 And ready with his Power to march away,
 There from the *Scythians* a man was sent,
 That to *Darius* did four Gifts present ,
 A † Bird, a Frogg, a Mouse, and next to these,
 A Quiver full of Arrows. He, to ease
 His labouring thoughts, endeavours thus to sift
 The dubious meaning of so strange a Gift.

And

And to his own advantage wrests the sense ;
 Saying, The *Scythians* yield preheminance
 To my known Power, and by their Gifts declare
 They render up their Strength, Earth, Sea, and Air.
 This Vote undoubted past ; till *Gobrias*,
 A Man, whose natural Prudence did surpass
 A vulgar Genius, spoke, and nobly bold
 In's Country's Cause thus his Opinion told ;
Unless, O Persians, ye like Birds could fly
With wings, and dauntless hover in the sky ;
Unless like Mice ye could in Caverns live ;
Or Frogg-like, in unfounded Waters dive,
Whose vastie depth no slimy bottom knows,
You never shall escape the Scythian Bows.
 This so serene and prudent did appear,
 And sank so deeply in *Darius's* ear,
 That raising th' Seige, he streight march'd home again,
 Asham'd of an attempt so much in vain.

The bold * *Athenians* did such trust impose
 In the known power of their Archers Bows,
 That glorying in their blest Securities,
 They from their Walls would dare their Enemies,

* Sal-
 das.

Whose ponderous Arms, the Legacies of Death,
 With an unthought of slowness did bequeath
 A sort of men, bold, valiant, noble, strong,
 Unapt to suffer, or receive a wrong ;
 So practis'd in brave shooting, that 'tis said,
 Some there could draw a Shaft yard long to th' head ;
 Bloody and rough in Warr, but soon appeas'd,
 Few bearing Envy, and as few diseas'd;
 A Nation famous both for Arts and Arms,
 Whose noble hearts the beams of Honour warms.

† Diod.
 Sic. 2.

Witness † *Demosthenes*, whose noble Soul
 Scorning the haughty *Lacedemon's* scowl,
 Sent him in bold Defiance, hating too
 In Honour any one should him out-do :
 First, with an Elegant Oration made,
 The glory of his Enterprize displaid
 To his brave Archers, then advancing on
 To a hot Charge, before the setting Sun
 Had from the clear Horizon snatch't his Light ,
 His Foes main Force had met Eternal Night ;
 The rest a certain danger scap't by flight,
 And towards *Pylus*, *Nestor's* ancient Seat,
 To shun th'inrag'd *Athenians*, took retreat.

Learn'd Th

The Bow-Man's Excellence.

29

Learn'd * *Thucydides* writes, the Shafts that day
Into the Air such darkness did convey,
They wanted light to view their good Success,
Shooting the Shafts (not aiming) but by guess,
Like showres of Winter's Hail, amongst the press
So strong, and so continu'd, that their Force
Scatter'd whole Troops o'th' Foe's ill-govern'd Horse;
Who oft by Shafts oppress'd with deadly wound,
O'rethrew their trembling Riders to the ground,
Whose fate to an abas'd disaster bowd,
Trampled to Death by the unruly croud :
So that of twenty thousand fighting men,
To tell their ill Success went home scarce ten.

He that had seen the Glories of that Warr,
The Archers valour, and their Chieftains care,
The fatal Skirmish, when rough danger steel'd
Their hearts, and Death's pale Victims in the field
Lye bathing in warm Gore, whose destinies
Sent from the Shafts of their fierce Enemies
Seem'd far more dreadful, than Death's Sickle e're
Was agent in, more horrid, more severe,
Would hide his wond'ring face, amaz'd to see
The fatal Trophies of brave Archerie.

He

* *Thucyd.*
cid, 43

He that had been Eye-witness to that field,
 Where daring Valour dying scorn'd to yield ;
 Where reeking Blood and Clouds of Arrows made
 The Sun-enlightned Sky appear a shade;
 Where lifeless Trunks o'respread the blushing Earth,
 Horror gain'd triumph, and Destruction birth;
 Would think Confusion's pristine Chaos come,
 As dreadful Usher to the day of Doom.
 Nor can I th' Bows brave Acts too highly show;
 My groveling Genius rather creeps too low
 In the applause of what does so excel,
 This drowzy Age ne're knew its parallel.

* Alex.
 Mago. What won the Worlds * great Conquerour such fame
 But valiant Archers? What advanc't his Name
 Above the reach of Envy, Calumny,
 Ear-charming Flattery, Malice, Treachery,
 But war-like Minds and matchless Archerie?

† Aria-
 201 2. Search † *Ariannus's* Works, and see the cause
 Of his eterniz'd Conquests ; read th' applause
 Paid his industrious Bow-men, whose brave Arms,
 Equall'd with Valour, had such potent Charms,
 That *Asia's* barb'rous Ignorants, that knew
 No greater Power than what i'th' Skies they view,
 With

With trembling heart, bow'd knee, and Arms displaid,
 To the victorious Archers off'rings made.
 And though upon this Theme no dulcid Pen,
 Though guided by the wisest amongst men,
 Can write sufficient praise, a Theme that is
 So much above unlearned Emphasis,
 That to the World its true applause to bring
 Requires a Quill pluck't from an Angel's wing;
 A Genius fill'd with heavenly influence,
 To praise an Art surpassing Excellence;
 Yet this advertisement of *Plinius* may
 Th'undoubted worth of Archerie display.

† He that the honour of the valiant *Greeks*,
 Or the try'd fate of potent Kingdoms seeks,
 Their dangerous Adventures, Quarrels, Fights,
 Care-reaping Stratagems, well-grounded sleights,
 And last, their famous Victories would know,
 Will find the Ancient, noble, useful Bow,
 To be fam'd Honour's guide, Kings noblest aid,
 The bravest Weapon Mankind e're essay'd.

† *Plin.*
L. 6. c. 36.

Scipio, the *Numantines* in *Spain* had long
 Sought to o'recome in Warr, but they too strong

Scipio,
vid. Cor.
Dac.

If

In their undaunted aids, his Force repell'd,
 Whose fresh Supplies still forc't them from the field;
 But when at last a Band of Archers spread
 Their piercing Shafts, the frighted Spaniard fled,
 Too well foreseeing the destructive woes
 Attending Death from mighty *Roman* Bows.

† Corn.
 Tac. 2.

Tiberius † fighting with the *German* Twins;
 A brace of wild and impious Libertines,
 Though mighty in their power, won such fame
 By his brave Archers Bows, that where they came,
 The closest Ranks were broke, and th' Foe too late
 Fear'd an invisible, though certain fate.
 The *Romans* then were worthy of Applause,
 Train'd up in VVarr, and skill'd in Honours Laws;
 So Martial and so Generous, they thought
 Honour atchiev'd by Death too slightly bought;
 A Nation fam'd for warlike Policies,
 Admired Triumphs, dangerous Victories,
 So loving Archerie's fam'd Excellence,
 They thought the warlike Bow their chief defence;
 And mighty * *Leo's* Treatise oft survey'd,
 VVhose wise Directions were by all obey'd,

* Leo 6.
 D.

Till that Hell-searching Imp of Pluto's brood
 Invented Guns to wrack the general good.
 But more of this hereafter, when the state
 Of *England's* pristine Conquests I relate,
 Shall be enlarg'd : and since my wearied Muse
 Is tir'd with shewing the true noble use
 Of Bows in Forraign Climes, I'll now essay
 The Fame of English Bow-men to display,
 Since none were ever more renown'd then they.

How first to *England* Archerie was brought
 Historiographers long in vain have sought
 To understand, and those that nearest guess,
 Farr from the truth perhaps their minds express.
 The plainest proofs Sir *Thomas Elliot* writ,
 A man of boundless Knowledge, Learning, Wit,
 Who in his Treatise writes * in th'ancient time,
 When Ignorance was *England's* greatest Crime ;
 When *Vortigern* the *Saxon* Monarch first
 In *Brittish* Blood allai'd his brutish thirst,
 Nothing so much did terrifie his Foes
 As the dread terrours of his Archers Bows :
 By which I gather *Vortigern* was he
 That into *England* first brought Archerie.

* De
 Rebus
 memor.
 Angl.

Til

D

An

An Art most dreadful to the *French*, whose power
 Would ne're admit of a Competitour,
 Till the brave use of Bows and feather'd Shafts
 Scatter'd their Forces, and out-did their Crafts :
 Which is confirmed by th' immortal fame

* Vid.
 Hen. 3.
 Cressie.

Of * *Henry*, the third Monarch of that Name,
 Who, with his valiant Archers, overcame
 The Chivalry of *France* : Their Monarch too,
 Proud *Philip*, who before had scorn'd to do
 Great *Henry*'s just Decrees, in Prison try'd
 Too soon the rough reward for too much Pride:
 A glorious Fight ; the potent power of *France*,
 Proud of their Strength, and certain of their Chance,
 As being thrice their number, charg'd the Foe,
 But met at last a fatal overthrow.

Like him, *John King* of *France* hoping t'attack
 The *English* men, Prince *Edward* stil'd the Black
 Near to the walls of *Poitiers* met his Force,
 Being a mighty Power of Foot and Horse.
 But he that never knew the wretched state
 Of those that fear, resolv'd to try his fate ;
 And aided by his Archers, who enlarg'd
 Their Courages by his, their Battels charg'd,

An

And e're the Sun had journied half his way,
Routed the Power of *France*, and won the Day.

Nor can I overpass the fam'd report
Sprung from that glorious Fight at *Agincourt*,
Where that brave Hero, *Henry* the Fifth,
A Prince dropt down from Heaven as a Gift
To cherish Piety, achiev'd such Fame,
That Ages yet to come will speak his Name
(With reverence and admiration crown'd)
With joy to read a Story so renown'd,
As the rehearsal of his glorious Deeds,
And his fam'd Archers Acts: But farther needs
My Pen not rove, since they that e're have read
The living Works of *speed*, *Stow*, *Hollingshead*,
And other Modern Authors, there may see
The noble Conquests sprung from Archerie
In a compendious method, which relates
Those Themes at large my Pen abbreviates.
As also in the contumelious Jarr
Between the Houses *York* and *Lancaster*,
Where thousands perish't by a Civil Warr,
Great use was made of Bows and Shafts to quell
Insulting Vice in Natives that rebell.

Speed.
Chron.

D 2

Nor

Nor is that true, though vulgar, Story less

* Speed.
Chron.

To be esteem'd, the Fight at * *Cherly-Chase*

Has 'mongst try'd Judgments admiration gain'd,

However by a Fifth-rate Genius stain'd

In dull Lampoon: He that had seen that Day

Stout *Douglas* and the Northern Earl display

Their more than mortal Valours, would appear

More scar'd with looking, than with fight they were:

He that o'th' Battel had Spectator been,

And the bold *Scots* by *English* Archers seen

Sent breathless to Death's Icy bed of Rest,

Each with a Shaft stuck fast in bleeding breast,

Would soon forget to praise a Sword and Spear,

And call the Bow Death's fatal Harbinger:

Whose worth most excellent and powerful too,

May well a just precedency pursue,

Since nothing is more brave, nor nothing more

In Warr successful, or of greater power.

† Speed.
Chron.

This found the † *Scots*, of whose two thousand men

Went home to tell the News scarce five times ten:

The rest by Shafts from Bows of bending Yew,

In streams of Crimson Gore paid Nature's due:

The Peasant with the Peer Death's lodging shar'd,

To quell whose power they were alike prepar'd,

And

And their weak-founded Strength did vainly show,
When Fate fate frowning on each Archer's Bow.

Many Examples more might be exprest
To prove the worth and powerful interest
Of this brave Art of shooting; but to them
That throughly search a Fact e're they condemn
Men knowing and judicious, these few Rules
May satisfie, though lost in th' Ears of Fools:
The wise may easily discern the good
Arising from a Vertue understood
And taught in *Persian* Colledges, where those
That best could shoot and drew the strongest Bows
Were most esteem'd, and best deserv'd to prove
The dulcid Blessing of the Prince's Love;
When such, whose minds that rank Corruption bred,
Whose poyson got by too much Ease do's spread
Too fast o're pamper'd Bodies, rot, and die
The nauseous Heirs to Vice and Calumny.

'Twas *Plato's* Counsel that th' *Athenians* shou'd
Hire Stipendaries with choice skill indu'd,

To teach the Youth to shoot, they knowing well,
No Weapon with the Bow could Parallel.

Nor was his Vote the noblest Theme of Fame's:

* Johan.
Major 6.
His.
Scor.

England's blest Monarch, prudent, learned * *James*,

Amidst his Noble Peers i'th' Parliament

Voted an Act—— a glorious President

For this dull Age to Copy, every Scot

Should learn to shoot : blest noble Patriot

How I adore thy memory ! yet they

That knew no worser Hell than to obey,

Neglecting his Decrees, their Foes defid,

And slighting Archers oft by Archers di'd.

The valiant *Englisb* then were most renown'd:
Where was that City, or that Plat of Ground,
Where *Britains* honour grew not ? where that Clime,
Where her brave Archers Acts shone not sublime,
And loudly publish't by the Trump of Fame ?
Or where that Nation, that, when Bow-men came
Grac't by the *Englisb* Cross, fear'd not too late
The dreadful Omens of ensuing Fate ?
'Twas then a Nation full of pleasing Charms,
England, fam'd Mistress both of Arts and Arms,

Was

Was *Europe's* Treasure stil'd, the Heavenly Sear,
Where Honour and Immac'late Vertue met.
No Exercise like shooting was then priz'd ,
The prudent Father would his Son advise
To use the Bow, assur'd no Weapon shou'd
Prove half so useful for the Publick Good
As that, being light, and easie to reverse,
In Action brave, in Execution fierce :
Whose Force had, like the uncontrolled will
Of Heaven, the power who e're it struck to kill.
Or as the dreadful Thunder from above,
Thrown by the Death-commanding hand of *Jove*,
Kills where it touches, whose dread force divides
Sky-kissing Cedars, rends the Marble sides
Of some great Rock, whose strength has long withstood
The raging Winds and Deluge-threatning Flood ,
Ne're ceasing till it shroud its dreadful head
Ten Fathoms deep in Natures Earthy bed :
So flies a Shaft as swiftly to bequeath
The fatal Legacy of conqu'ring Death
To the two bold Opposer, whose proud Power
Sinks with his liveless Trunk, and is no more.
The use of Guns ('tis granted) has of late
Been thought and prov'd chief Minister of Fate.

The murd'ring Cannon with its thundring breath
 In many dreadful fights has usher'd Death
 With speed and violence ; and Musquets have
 Pregnant with shot sent thousands to the Grave ;
 • Within whose noble hearts fear never bred,
 Yet fell as Victims to the fatal Lead :
 And though it be successful and secure,
 Dreadful in Warr, and able to endure
 The strongest charge ; yet if compar'd to th' Bow,
 Its high exalted Fame will nothing show.
 Not but Death flies as certain from that Fire,
 As from the Bow and Shaft we so admire :
 But 'tis impossible it e're should own
 By its weak single power a Fam'd renown,
 So nobly splendid as our Archerie
 Could gain commixt with Magnanimity.
 But if with shooting us'd, 'twould nobly show
 A power, which never any could out-do
 By fight or single Force ; a dear-bought prize
 Which the succeeding Age would canonize.

Draw out a Band of Archers to the Field,
 Brave Spirits train'd in Warr, with courage steel'd,
 Whose influence was bred, and nourish't grows
 In their brave bosoms, whose well temper'd Bows

Dismiss

Dismiss the Steel-tipt Messengers, whilst Fame
 By Shouts applauds the Shooters skilful aim ;
 And see with wonder that undaunted force,
 Which the dread rage of Death could ne're divorce:
 See those that at pale Terrours face scorn e're to shrink,
 That still encourag'd boldly stand on dangers brink
 With daring Breasts, fix't Eyes, and Arms displaid,
 Drawing out Shafts three quarters long to th' head:
 Mark with a curious Eye the wretchedness
 And fears a Coward's caution doth express ;
 And next the Archers noble Actions Eye,
 Each Face this Motto bearing, *We desire* :
 And then declare the most unequal wrong
 Done to the Bow, its Praise deferr'd so long.
 The Archers power above all in Warr
 Is never to be question'd, since they are
 A sort of skilful Undertakers, young,
 wedded to Arms and Honour, Valiant, Strong :
 The Art of shooting was their Infant sport,
 By which in Troops they daily did resort ;
 By which they gain'd helth, strength, fame, courage, skill,
 Hearts to love vertuous deeds, and banish ill.
 No Impotents diseas'd can ever know
 The worth and matchless vertues of the Bow.

Archers

Archers must strong and healthful prove, and Just,
 Not weakned with bad Wine, soft Ease and Lust,
 But alwaies fit to entertain a Foe,
 And by brave Deeds the worth of shooting show.

* Ber-
 sholcus
 Swart
 first In-
 venter
 of Guns.

Had that too studious * Chymist that first brought
 Into the World his fatal Guns, but sought
 The use of Bows to grace what he desigu'd
 Should be a matchless Weapon for Mankind ;
 It might be granted that united Power
 Treason, nor Rust of Time, could ne're devour.
 But since it is abus'd and common grown,
 The glorious Palm to Archers must be thrown,
 Whose noble hearts all pannick fears disown.

Yet must not my affection to the Bow,
 Like a great Torrent, Reason overflow :
 There doubtless are some men that fight with Guns
 Of an approved valour, th' noble Sons
 Of Heaven born Honour, that dare stake their Blood
 And dearest Vitals for their Countrie's good,
 And in that Cause think it a blis to bleed,
 Else 'twere a miserable Age indeed.

But

But with a general Eye survey a Troop,
 Each smiling face with th' many there that droop,
 And 'mongst five hundred fifty scarce shall bear
 A Martial Spirit bold and fit for Warr.
 But in a Band of Noble Archers all
 The matchless Sons of Valour I dare call,
 And prove it true, since still inur'd to shoot;
 Which Manly Pastime the weak trembling fruit
 Of Cowards ne're durst follow, but possess
 By sturdy Bow-men, whose fam'd strength encreast
 By daily Exercise; nay 't has been found
 By such whose Intellects have been unsound,
 Using the healthful Art, Distempers fled,
 And Strength and Courage through the Body spread,
 A flowing lively warmth possess each Vein,
 And sprightly Health banish't Disease and Pain.
 A wholesome Pastime which all Sports exceeds,
 And he that shooting loves no Physick needs;
 A noble Archer his own Doctor is,
 And soars above the reach of rank Disease.
 Agues or lazy Feavers are for those
 That cherish the repute of Guns, not Bows.

England

England was once the Seat of Archerie,
Parent of Honour, Magnanimity,
And o're all Nations bore Supremacy
For Arts and Arms; her daring Archers then
Durst charge a numerous Host of Warlike men,
Without respect to numbers, death, or fate,
Cherish't with hopes of being fortunate
By their precedent Conquests, which did grow
As if they were entail'd to grace the Bow,
That Weapon being easie to be born,
Of exc'lent Nature, and by Valour worn.
Besides the speed with which brave Archers make,
Their fame is such, that I dare undertake
To shoot ten Shafts well aim'd and carried on
In Battel, e're you twice can charge a Gun.
What then can be inserted to proclaim
That Weapon's worth before the Bow? what Fame
Can be allow'd to that, which Archers have
Not by their Valours won? If to be brave,
Valiant and fort'nate, be a blessing prov'd
By those that Warr and Acts of Honour lov'd;
The Bow may make as great and powerful claim,
As any Weapon incident to Fame.

Why

Why then should that, which only has of late
 Been us'd in *England's* Battels, now create
 Oblivion in the best of Weapons use,
 That in our pristine Ages did produce
 Such glorious Spoils? Or why should Guns, that owe
 No worth but what's adherent to the Bow,
 Be more esteem'd? It only do's express
 This Age's Vices more, it's Vertue less,
 Than what by th' honour'd Ancients was possess.

Great * *Charles* of blest eterniz'd memory,
 Celestial Heaven's unmatch't Epitome,
 So lov'd this Art of shooting, that even he
 The charms of other Sports would oft resist.
 To be a Partner in the Archers List.
 And can we soar at greater Excellence,
 Then prizing Arts lov'd by so wise a Prince,
 Whose greatest Crime was too much Clemency?
 Can *England* e're forget her Archery,
 And give t' an upstart power precedency?
 No, like the *Phanix* from old ashes sprung,
 Wee'l give the Bow new life, once more make young
 This Art, and once more be renown'd and strong.

* vid.
 Baker.
 Chron.

Wee'l once more tear Hell's dreadful Banner down,
 And bravely arm'd the Front of Vertue crown,
 Our conquest win by Valour, not relate
 Our good or ill Success the Gifts of Fate,
 But by our Deeds, which must be fortunate,
 Gain'd and atchiev'd, since trembling Destiny
 In Archers meets too strong an Enemy.

Therefore if *England* would victorious prove,
 The Spawn of Vice and Cowardise remove :
 If, as it heretofore has been the Seat
 Of Fame, it would those Glories past repeat,
 And like a Taper late extinct Connive
 At Vices past, and from a Spark revive
 A precious Fire that out-shines the Sun,
 And proves a *Phœbus* in Fame's Horizon,
 To light the wandring Hero to a place
 Where th'Souls of Archers Heaven's bright Palace grace:
 If, as some Jewel of unvalued worth,
 We once more would give glorious Lustre birth,
 And Dignify with its past proper stile
 The World's Exchequer, this most happy Isle:
 Let us call back lost Archerie agen,
 And with it's matchless worth possess our men:

Let

Let Gunners with our Archers now joyn hands,
And both in Power combining share Commands;
And then the Land invincible will be
From all Attempts or Forreign policy.
Rash Undertakers may return with loss,
And curse that Fortune that complies with us;
Whilst we triumphant o're the World may spread,
Well arm'd with fatal Bows and hissing Lead,
Our vast united powers the World will awe,
And to our aid fresh numbers daily draw.
The ambitious *French*, and stubborn *Turk* will fear
Afresh that fatal power that did appear
In our last Age so dreadful, who o'recome
With pannick doubts, scarce think they'r safe at home:
Regions remote our Forces will admire,
And with large Sums our Archers strive to hire.
Honour will triumph, Valour walk in state,
And Wealth with Piety participate.
Soft-finger'd Peace and bounteous Plenty here
Will bless and smile upon us all the year:
Nor can we ever fear our Forreign Foes,
Our Frontiers guarded well with Guns and Bows,
Whose strong contracted Power would dare Alarms,
And Conquest win, though Hell rose up in Arms.

The

* Bow
and Pike

The * Bow and Pike hath also been approv'd
By such as Arms and Acts of Honour lov'd,
And often has been found most excellent
Either to act a purpose, or prevent.
From farr use Bows, but Pikes, when near at hand,
The beguil'd Horsinens thoughts may countermand;
And many that long idle stood may be
Imploy'd, and prove main helps to Victory.
Bow fix't to th' Pike will execution do
As well as single, and as bravely too;
The Shaft being no way hindred, nor its power
Oppos'd, but rather is augmented more.
My Genius is too barren too express
A benefit, which prudent Heads might guess
Better than I relate: and though the Fame
Attending Archerie deserves a Name
Greater than VVit can attribute to grace
An Art that doth all other Arts surpass;
Yet this, to call it the illustrious prize
Of an eterniz'd Honour, shall suffice;
And writ in lasting leaves of Brass, remain
Till this vast Globe to Chaos turns again.

The

The Golden Age shall once more be renew'd,
 And the accursed Brood of Vice subdu'd,
 Whilst Vertue triumphs as the chiefest good.
 Treason her blunted Weapon shall lay by,
 And bright *Astrea* once more leave the Sky
 To take her dwelling 'mongst the Sons of Men.
 Our bed-rid Power shall grow strong agen,
 And arm'd with fierce and double Power, despise
 The Plots of our ambitious Enemies.
 In vain remote Possessors shall design
 To suck the sweetness of our English Vine,
 Whilst our *Hesperia's* precious golden Fruit
 Is watch't by Dragons, (*viz.*) brave Men that shoot;
 Let 'em revive *Alcides*, and then know
 The use and matchless power of his Bow,
 Ere they gain hopes of *England's* overthrow;
 And then perhaps as Impotent as ere,
 Assaulting Warriours that ne're knew to fear,
 Each Archer proving an *Alcides* here.

Therefore to you, most honoured Patriots, now
 Prostrate to Earth my Muse does humbly bow;
 You that your Nations fam'd Militia sway,

E

And

And your known Valours o're the World display
By glorious Deeds, whose Magnanimity,
Guarded by Honour from your Infancy,
Gave early hopes of future Gallantry:
You, whose brave thirst of Glory has been known
In Forreign Climes, and to Opposers shown
Bateless and noble : You, whose Valours have
Dar'd Death to's Face, courted a gloomy Grave,
Your Country's Fame immaculate to save,
And, like obstreperous Thunder, terrifi'd
With your dread Fames the rash Insulters pride:
To you, the Souls of Honour, I appeal
To further my Intentions, and reveal
A Good to this forgetful Age, that may
Flourish when we lye mixt with common Clay :
You that have power to do things great and good,
Whose Actions should be Noble as your Blood,
Cannot advance the Nation's profit more,
Than *England's* best of Weapons to restore
To its first Dignity ; nor act a thing
More bravely beneficial to the King,
Than the reviving of old Archerie
To its pristine Estate, Posterity

Will bless your Memories, when they shall read,
 Your noble Wills that benefit decreed
 For th' Nations good, whose powerful interest
 The nearest Mansions of your hearts posselt,
 And crown'd with Loyalty and Faith recall'd
 a Vertue long by scorching Vice exhal'd
 From th' *English* hearts, but now reviv'd agen,
 Sent from above t'incourage valiant men.
 And next to you, blind Fortune's wealthy Heirs,
 That fenc't about with Riches banish cares
 For the Realm's good, that never could express
 A harm you felt, till too much idleness
 Ussher'd a fierce Disease, first learn to shoor,
 And on this Theme of Archerie dispute ;
 And doing so, you will not only bind
 All generous Spirits to applaud, but find
 A dulcid Health, and growing Courage seize
 Your Nerves infected late through too much Ease :
 The Bow renew'd once more in *England* raise,
 And merit by that Act a Wreath of Bayes ,
 Stil'd Patrons of your Country, live ador'd
 By faithful Subjects, that can ne're afford
 Applause to more Deservings, nor partake
 Of greater Blessings than that Grant can make

To fertile *Britain*, lend your potent aid
 To plant an Art, through want of use decay'd,
 Amongst our Natives, though of greater worth,
 Than that which first gave glorious Conquest birth :
 And Fame (when dead) your Monuments will crown
 With everlasting Trophies, your renown
 Will charm each Breast, whilst every gazer on
 Pays watry Tribute to the Marble Stone
 For loss of those, whose vertues did create
 A Blessing known so useful to the State :
 And, whilst you hear inhabit, daily Prayers
 For your long Life will still assault your Ears.
 The Vertuous and the Loyal will allow
 No Wreath, but what shall flourish on your Brow,
 Which to their Benefactors paid must prove
 Th'undoubted sign of their united love.
 Think what a precious benefit 'twill bring
 To happy *England*, from whose use will spring
 Honour and Honesty, the glorious Twins
 Of Excellence-infusing Cherubins.

And you industrious Yeomen, who with toyl
 Manure the bosom of your fertile Soil,

Cherish'd

Cherish't with growing hopes of future gains,
 When you shall reap the Harvest of your pains,
 Forsake your lov'd *Olympian* Games a while,
 With which the tedious Minutes you beguile,
 And give the Bow, so useful to the Nation
 When bravely exercis'd, your approbation :
 Leave Quoits and Ninepins, those *Bear-garden* Sports,
 And follow shooting often us'd in Courts ;
 An Exercise that rather adds to Fame,
 Than any way 'tis incident to shame ;
 The worth of your Progenitors pursue,
 Whose Loyal Valours often did subdue
 With their dread Bows and Shafts fierce Enemies ,
 Though strengthned with fresh Legions, or Surprise:
 No rash intruding bold Antagonist
 The force of their brave Weapons durst resist,
 But hush't as Mid-night Dreams deliberate
 The potent sway of their Superiour Fate.
 If then that Ignorant Age such Knowledge shar'd,
 And of their Archers had such choice regard,
 Knowing no Weapon could such Trophies bring,
 Such Profit to the Land, Fame to the King;

Why should not you, Successors to their Fate;
 New Presidents in th' shooting Art create,
 And by your brave Example animate
 The noble Spirits of your Country-men,
 To rouse and bring up Archerie agen?
 By Action all base slothful Ease debarr,
 That creeping Poyson, Vice irregular.
 Let every Village prove the Seat of Warr,
 Whose small Dimensions then need never fear,
 When manly Archers once inhabit there.
 Enrich't with Peace, you may possess your own,
 And reap with Joy the Fruit your care has sown,
 Free from Commotions or Dissentions base,
 Whose curst effects do *English* hearts disgrace,
 And for your pains procure a rich Reward,
 You also still may stand on your own Guard,
 Despising those that Peace and Vertue shun,
 Though Law not suffers you to use a Gun:
 Or if your dwellings e're molested are
 By Forreign Insolents, or Civil Warr,
 Each man that bears a Bow may guard his own,
 And see his rash Invader overthrown.
 But such Contentions may I never see:
 Our Bows against an Outland Enemy

Would

Would bravest be employ'd: should Archers joyn
With our thrice-fam'd Militia, and combine
United to o'recome some neighb'ring Land,
What Potent Nation could our Force withstand,
Our men well arm'd with Guns, fierce Bows and Darts,
Led on by Heaven, and steel'd with *English* hearts?
Or were our Noble Warriours Excellence
Only enacted in our own defence,
Were our joynt Forces call'd, not to command
On some brave purpose, but to guard the Land;
Thus aided, Female breasts their fear might cease,
And we in spite of Danger sleep in Peace:
Peace, whose delightful branch would firmly grow,
Watred by Plenty's stream, whose Wealth would flow
About our Land, and pearly Treasures heap,
When the delighted Swains the Grain should reap:
Still free you'l live from Mischiefs brooding Vice,
Treading the narrow Path to Paradise,
Employ'd by this brave Pastime; and atchieve
What Vertue craves, or Piety can give:
Your sporting hours pleasantly will fly,
Refin'd from Ill or curst Impiety:
Whilst active Vice in Cities ushers harms,
Couching Perdition in her softest Charms.

There may you by the Art of shooting prove
 A matchless Courage sent you from above :
 And when at Targets striving you essay
 Each with a Shaft to bear the Prize away,
 Piercing it oft, endeavouring to hold
 Your Fortunes high, and hit the wish't for Gold,
 You may imagin then what you could do,
 If that fix't Object were a living Foe.
 But on this Theme I have too long digrest,
 And th' Profits of the Bow too oft exprest
 By this prolix Relation, yet excuse
 The now Abortive Issue of my Muse,
 And her affection to this honest Sport,
 Whose worth and innocency seems to court
 Th' unnerv'd *Juventus* thus to exercise
 An Art, sworn Foe to Infamy and Vice.
 My Zeal to th' Nations good inforces me
 T' unfold the precious worth of Archerie,
 Prompted by *England's* Genius to declare
 A thing so sweet in Peace, so fierce in Warr,
 As Manly Shooting, th' Ancients chiefest good,
 Whose Vertue then was better understood
 Than in this drowzie Age, where nauseous Ease
 Our too much pamper'd Natures best does please :

This by instin& infus'd into my heart,
 And next my knowledge of this Noble Art,
 Flatter'd my daring Muse to take in hand
 Shooting's applause, whose Vertue may command
 A second *Virgil's* Phanſie to proclaim
 The Bow's well merited and matchleſs Fame :
 And upon this, as others have of late
 Effai'd their Wits and benefits of Fate,
 I, though the meanest of a thousand men,
 Something have writ, though with a ruder Pen.

Thou then, the happy Genius of this Age,
 Break through these gloomy Clouds, that do preſage
 Ill to the Realm ; and let thy Influence
 Infuse in all the useful Excellence
 Of Bows and Shafts, rouze thy refulgent head,
 And it's fam'd Vertue through the Nation spread ;
 Search with thy All-discerning Eye the Cave,
 Where Treason broods destruction to the Brave;
 And then declare the Bow can best defend
 The barb'rous deeds proud Rebels did intend :
 Display its worth, and like distilling Dews,
 Into their Souls its influence infuse.

That

That charm'd with knowledge of so brave an Art,
 They may to all its unmatch't worth impart ;
 Stile it a Good, useful in Peace and War,
 In Pastime priz'd, in Battel singular ;
 It ushers Health, and struggling Vice confines,
 Whose Smiles Eternal Misery designs,
 Drawing a Model , whereby all may Scan
 The blest Effigies of a Vertuous man,
 Pure and Immaculate, as when at first
 His Infancy in Innocence was nurs't.

Rise from your hateful Couches therefore you,
 That in a Sea of Vice your Souls imbrew,
 That destitute of Reason to prevent
 A nauseous Destiny, too evident
 Run headlong to Perdition ; now take hold
 Of my untwisted Clew, and be not sold
 For a short pleasing Dream to endless Woes ,
 Learn to be good, and Exercise with Bows
 Your happy Strength, and by that use create
 A Blessing useful, just, and fortunate :
 Let the Infectious that have long been nurs't
 In black and horrid Vice, whose Souls accurst

By

By Heaven for some Enormance, first repair
 Their vicious Life by uncorrupted pray'r ;
 And next confine themselves to shooting well ,
 So may they stifle Passions that rebel ;
 Since 'tis an Art allied to Honesty,
 Where Vertue, Fame, and Magnanimity
 Combine to show its precious Excellence,
 Unbounded Worth, and heavenly Innocence ,
 The VVeeds of Vice thereby are rooted out :
 Nor need the generous Undertaker doubt
 The Justice of his Actions, since this Art
 Nothing but VVorth and Vertue can impart.
 No Execrations forg'd in gloomy *Stix*
 Shall here have vent, nor any Hereticks
 VVedded to Sin with Archers e're combine,
 Nor taste the dulcid Pleasures of their Vine,
 Unless unblinded by blest Heaven to see
 The loathed Scene of their Impiety.
 The Antients us'd it both for Exercise,
 And a Defence against their Enemies ;
 For Sport in Peace, but for great Deeds in Warr,
 VVhose then priz'd worth was known so singular,
 That Children, taught by Nature to suppose
 The worth of Archerie, would cry for Bows :

And

And though the dull and drowzy World has since
 That blooming Age obscur'd the Excellence
 Of this so noble Pastime, trampling down
 That Pow'r, which with success their deeds would crown,
 Let us, the Heirs of Fame, not Ignomy,
 The inthral'd Art of Archerie set free,
 And glorying in our Loyalties advance
 A Jewel's worth, long lost by th' ignorance
 Of this Luxurious Age, a Jem, whose price
 The wealth of Kingdoms cannot comprmise.
 Were it a thing obnoxious to the Land,
 A baleful ill, where Vice had most command;
 Were it a sport unfitting for a Man
 That had the glorious race of Vertue ran,
 And from his Cradle had that blis possesst,
 With which All-seeing Heav'n rewards the blest;
 Or did it cherish Vice, raise Calumny,
 Or stain pure minds with blots of Infamy,
 And by his nauseous Rules reduce the Nation
 From innocent to vitious Conversation;
 It were an act of Justice to deprave
 This Art my Genius does declare so brave.
 But as Judicious Souls do shooting prize
 Only as healthful, and known Foe to Vice,

As it displays the Theme of Piety;
 Procures us Fame, Health, Courage, Honesty,
 Brave wills to do, and power those Deeds to own;
 And from our Hearts roots out what Vice has sow'n;
 It must by prudent Souls acknowledg'd prove
 The choicest Blessing sent us from above,
 Either for our disport in times of Peace,
 Or guard in Warr when we expect success.
 Joyn therefore all ye Noble Souls that have
 Hearts to incourage and reward the Brave,
 Where the Decrees of Vertue gain applause:
 You that met danger in your Countries Cause
 With joy and resolution, once more try
 The blest effects of Noble Archerie;
 Do you but plant, it of it self will grow,
 Then shall ye reap the Blessings that ye sow
 With treble gains, commixt with blifs to see
 Your brave endeavours thrive so fruitfully:
 Then shall this happy Land once more proclaim
 Its brave defence, and it's precedent Fame,
 Whose ancient Laurel Wreaths will wither'd shew,
 Compar'd to th' glorious Virdure of our new;
 Heaven with continued blessings will possess
 Our Natives, and the Land with Plenty bless,

As

Whi'st

VVhilst here enrich't by th' Vertues of the Bow
And noble Deeds, *Astrea* rules below
Impartially o're all, from whence shall spring
Peace to the Realm, and Honour to the King,
VVealth to th' Inhabitants, Glory unto those
VVhose Valours dare reprove insulting Foes:
The world immaculate will be and good.
As when first purg'd by the o'rewhelming Flood
Mankind learn't Innocence and Vertue: so
Shall we, unfound by Sin, its Blessings know,
And this last Age by Archerie possesse,
Maugre its brooding Vices, prove the best.

Post-



Postscript.

HAVING spoken so liberally in the Applause of this Noble Exercise in the precedent Poem, perhaps it will be expected that we should instruct Persons in the Practick Part of it, as well as delight them with the Theorick. And though 'tis confest there is

is a large portion of Skill to be used in the exact managing of this Weapon ; yet it is sooner to be learnt by Ocular Observance and daily Practice, than by Verbal Demonstration , Affection to it, and often endeavouring to do like those that are Masters of this Science, being a greater and readier means to make any One perfect, than the Description of it by the Pen can be. Yet, to let the Ingenious perceive we are not Ignorant of the Use and Nature of that Science which we so much applaud , and which is indeed so worthy to be applauded, we have inserted these following Rules, thereby briefly relating the Implements, and the Knowledge that an Archer must be possesst of, before he can attain to a perfect form of Shooting.

First, I shall have relation to the Implements that are necessary , and to be
us'd

us'd by all Archers , waich are these ;

	A <	Bracer,
		Shooting Glove,
		String,
		Bow,
		Shaft,
		Bow-Case,
		and
		Pouch.

The Bracer, although first mentioned, is of no great use, except to some Persons whose Cloaths hinder the passage of the String ; or such whose Bows are not bent accordingly. It is commonly used for these two Causes: First , to keep the Arm or Wrist from being hurt by the String, and the sleeve from being dammag'd. And secondly , that by gliding or slipping quickly off the Bracer , the Shaft

F may

may have the more vigour to perform your will; for, wanting this Bracer, if the String should light upon your Sleeve it would hinder the force of the Shoot, and so cause you to miss of your intended purpose.

A Shooting Glove is only us'd to save a man's fingers from hurting, that he may be able to draw the String to the utmost of his strength; and therefore his Glove must be lined at the fingers with thick Leather, fit for that purpose.

A String of a Bow, though little in it self, ought to be much regarded, for great Judgment is required in choosing of good Strings; for an ill String breaketh many a good Bow. They have formerly, as many Greek * Authors write, been made diversly; as of Flax, of Silk,

of

* Fav. xi.
xiii.

of Hair; but in our last Age new Hemp was thought best for a String. In stringing a Bow there must be great care taken, that the String be not too short, nor too long, but equal to the length and temper of the Bow: and take heed the Bow be well Nock't, lest the sharpness of the Horn, by wearing the String out, indanger your Bow: For if the String begin to fret or wear, trust it not, but take another; for you had better lose a String than a Bow.

As to the Bow, the Ancients used to make them diversly; as of Brass, Iron, Steel. * *Pandarus*, the best and most famous Archer amongst the *Trojans* (as *Homer* writes) had his Bow made of two Goat's-horns joyned together, which was proved to be of great power. *Herodotus* * writes that the *Indians* used to make Bows

* *Iliad*, 4

* *In Thalia*

of a certain Reed ; and several others have used *Brasile* , *Elme* , *Wych* , *Ash* , all which are very unfit to be used in this Age if considered rightly, *Yew* being most suitable now to our strength and abilities, And indeed it is of that excellent Nature, that nothing can excel it , in making a good , quick , and well tempered Bow.

A Shaft must be made according to your Bow , and equally weighed : ill Shafts oft make an ill Archer. Therefore there ought some Judgment and Care to be used in having your Shafts made by some skilful Fletcher, that can both see a defect and mend it.

A Bow-case is to preserve a Bow from the Weather , and it ought not to be too wide or too narrow, but indifferent. A
Bow-

Bow-case of Leather is not good by reason of its dampness ; Woollen being most fit for that use , by reason of its warmth. If you keep Bows at your House, a Quiver of Wood is good to preserve them in ; but take heed it stand not too near a Stone-wall, for the moisture of that will make your Bows weak ; nor too near a Fire, lest the heat make them brittle.

A Pouch serveth only to contain necessities, as your Glove, Bracer, Silk for your String, and wax to rub it with. And though a man may shoot without it, yet a good Archer will find it necessary.

Next, in breaking a Bow there are several wayes ; either by the String, by the Shaft drawing too farr, or by frets ; if the String be either too short or too long , not well put on, or dammag'd, the Bow

F 3

being

being ill Nockt, or being too old. Therefore an Archer should take a great deal of care in keeping all things fit, that his good Bow may not be in danger.

These are the Implements generally used in shooting: But now we shall say something relating to their use and management; *viz.*

{ Standing,
 { Nocking,
 { Drawing,
 { Holding,
 { Loosing.

First, when an Archer is about to shoot, he should alwayes be sure to take such footing or standing as shall be both graceful to the Eyes of Spectators, and profitable for his own use, framing his
 Coun-

Countenance and his other parts so decently, that all his strength may be employed to his advantage, and other mens delight. He must not bee too hasty, nor too tedious in taking Aim; for the one will be accounted Temerity, the other an affected Curiosity. His Body must be streight, his Legs not stradling, nor too farr distant, but in such a Posture as may declare to the stander by his Judgment, by his deportment and management of his Weapon.

To nock your Shaft well is easily done if any care be taken; the only diligence being in placing your Shaft well and equally cross your Bow: for unconstant nocking makes a man often miss of his Aim, and sometimes maketh the Bow to be in danger of breaking, for if nockt too high or too low, the Shaft, if it be

little, will start ; if great, hobble. Always nock the Cock-feather of your Arrow uppermost, and take heed the String slip not out of the Nock, for then all is in danger of breaking.

To draw a Bow well is the best and most graceful part of shooting. The Ancients used to draw their Bow to their Breasts, as *Homer* demonstrates in his description of *Pandarus* shooting :

Iliad. 4. * Up to his Pap the String he did pull,
his Shaft to the hard Iron ——

The Warlike Women of *Scythia* used also the same manner of shooting low at the Breast : and for that reason in their Infancy, *Penthesilea* caused the right Paps of her *Amazons* to be seared away. But this manner of shooting is not used now ; the draw-

drawing to the right Ear being certainly the best and most graceful way : for a man hath not only freedom to use all his strength, and aim right, but it is a posture so comly and graceful, that it will exceedingly delight the Spectators.

You must not hold your Bow too long when it is drawn ; for if it be not of exceeding good temper it will break : The performance of this can better be imagin'd then describ'd ; only there must be an equal measure of Time between drawing and holding , or else 'tis ten to one but your shot is spoil'd.

Loosing is much of the same nature ; it must be quick and hard that it may be without girds : and take heed of letting any of your Cloaths touch the String. *Leo* the Emperour would have his Souldiers heads

heads polled, and the beards shaved, for fear lest the hair of their Heads should hinder their Aspect, or their Beards obstruct the force of the String. These Precepts truly observ'd and follow'd, will doubtless instruct a Lover of this Art in its greatest mystery.

Two other things there are which are general to all Archers; which is

Weather,
and
Mark.

Of the Weather as thus: He must observe how the Wind is, whether with him, against him, side-wind, full side-wind, side-wind quarter with him, side-wind quarter against him, or the like, that there-

thereby he may shoot freely without being at all obstructed by the badness of the Weather. Frost is the only Enemy to a Bow, for without good rubbing and care it will be apt to grow brittle and break.

In shooting at a Mark observe this, to fix your standing, to shoot compass, to draw alwayes alike, tonock even, and to loose alwayes alike. Then to consider the nature of the Prick on Hills, in Valleys, streight Plains, or winding Places, and to keep a just Decorum equal to the length or shortness of the Mark.

This heedfully understood and followed, will I doubt not instruct a Beginner how to shoot, especially being daily taught by seeing the practice of others

others skilful in this Art , whose worth I hope will finish the Documents I have here epitomiz'd, and make the Practitioner's Knowledge equal to our Hopes and wishes.

Orders

Orders and Observations touching the Noble Exercise of *Shooting* in the *Long-Bow*, to be obser- ved by those which practise that Noble Art.

1. **I***nprimis*, For the finding of your Mark, it must be within every man's reach, and truly named, for prevention of cavil.

2. For Whites, you may have as many as you please, so that they be all forwards: and if a loose White be sticken out of sight, it is no Mark.

3. For the highest Stakes, if there be a Pin, you must measure to it, though the wood be higher, for the Pin was put in for that purpose.

4. If you shoot at a Bush, or Black, or whatsoever else, you are to take the highest part thereof, for your place to measure at.

5. For all Trees, you are to measure at Foot and Pole, except in the naming of it you say, At the Naylor, or, At the Hole, in such a Tree: or if you can reach the top with half your Bow, then you are to take the highest to measure at; but for Foot and Pole, you must measure a foot above the highest ground which joyns to the Tree.

6. If in measuring a Shoot, the difference be so small

small that it cannot be decided, then that Competitor shall win the Shoot, which is best at the next Mark.

7. If in measuring a Shoot, the Mark be stirred out of its place, he loseth the Shoot that removed it.

8. If at first coming to your Mark you claim two or more, and the opposite side draw their Arrows, you can have no more than you first claimed, although your Partner when he comes challengeth more.

9. If you name one Mark, and Shoot at another, you are to lose your Shoot, and the other are to follow at the Mark named.

10. If your Arrow break, you may measure to the nearest piece which hath wood and head, or wood and feather.

11. If you have any mishap, as in nocking amiss, &c. if you can reach your Arrow with your Bow, you may shoot again; if it flie further, it is a Shoot.

12. In shooting at Rovers, you must stand no further from your Mark than you can reach with half your Bow; but at Pricks you are permitted to stand two Bows before your Mark, and as much behind it as you please.

In laudem Sagittariorum.

When English Archers first in Warr's appear'd,
 England was honor'd; Honor'd? nay, 'twas fear'd:
 Bows still claim credit, and first merited fame,
 When great Duke Will. that Norman Conqueror came:
 With him came Bows; and since, with warlike chance,
 Prov'd terrible weapons still, 'gainst Foes in France:
 Witness those Battels (where we Laurel wore)
 Cressie, Poitiers, strong Agen, many more;
 In which, by valour of our Archers stout,
 Some slain, some ta'ne, but ALL were put to rout:
 From which then grew that French Proverbial Saw,
 Run, Run! for English Archers 'gin to draw.
 Then came that thwick-thwack thundring Instrument,
 First hatch't in Hell, and from the Devil sent;
 In all which time, what Battels have we won,
 Since we laid by our Bow, to bounse a Gun?
 Tell but one brave Battel ever fought,
 And won (since then) if not, account them nought:
 And, like brave English Archers, still extoll the Bow,
 And then be Conquerours where'soe're ye go.

In

FINIS.